

MY GIRLHOOD IN THE WHITE HOUSE

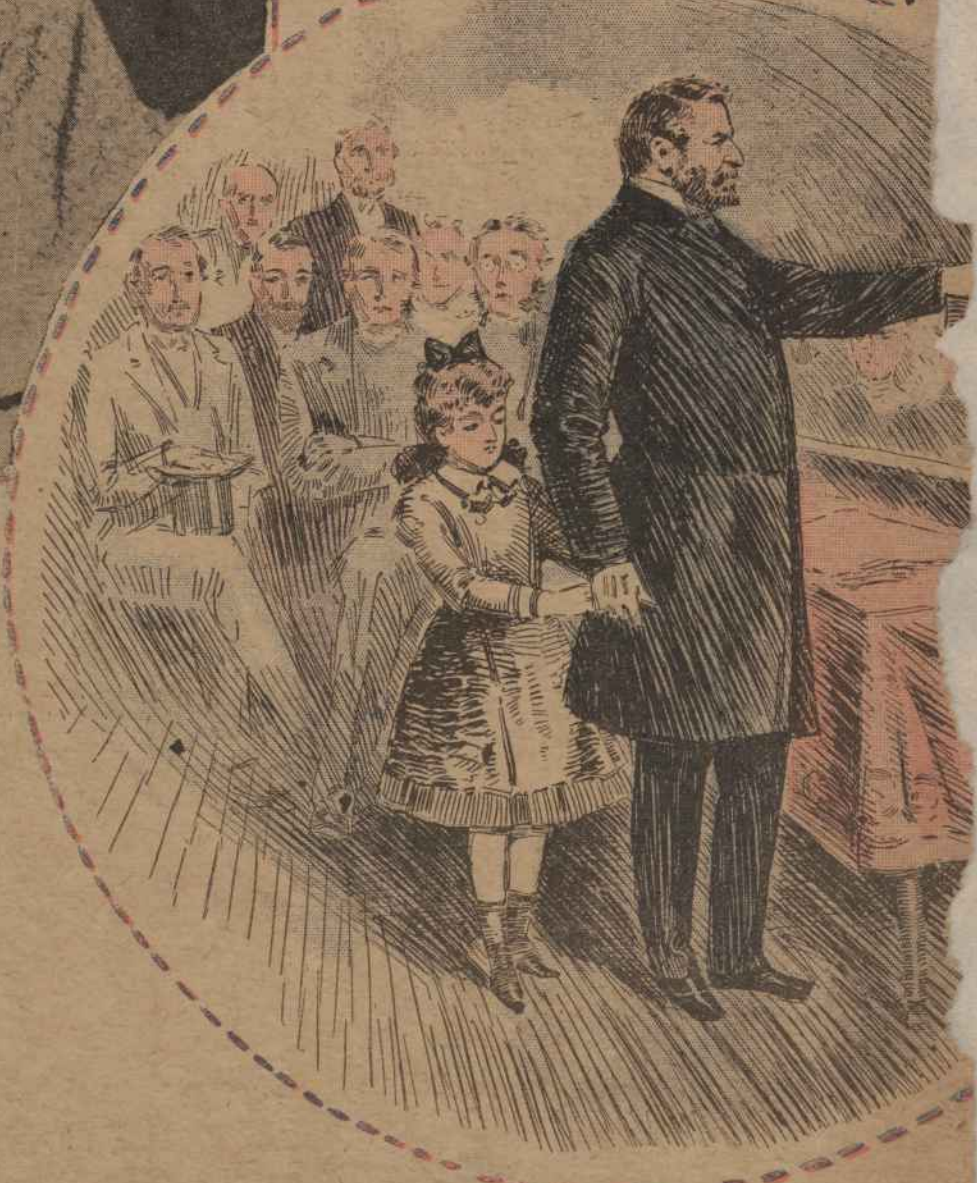
Nellie Grant Sartoris.

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and was the happiest part of my young life*



devote much time to driving. He was passionately fond of horses, and one of my greatest pleasures was to sit beside him behind a pair of beautiful bay trotters and "take a spin," as he called it. I was never allowed to come downstairs at my mother's afternoon receptions, as, of course, I was too young. But I used sometimes to have my young friends with me, and we had many a peep over the stairs at the crowds below.

My mother would be very much fatigued after these receptions, and her poor hands would be swollen.



NELLIE GRANT SARTORIS

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Y LIFE so long ago at the White House is like a delightful dream to me. It came back to me with vivid force as I watched the inauguration of the new Administration.

Perhaps it was seeing the sons of the ex-Presidents, one of whom was my brother, as they rode in the procession to escort President McKinley to the place that is to be his home for the next four years that brought back so many remembrances of the past to me. While there is much of it that I have forgotten, I remember what good times I used to have. I was only a child when I accompanied my father and mother to the White House. I was not quite thirteen years old, and was only a little over seventeen when I went away.

The happiest part of my girlhood was passed in the White House, and my life there will always be something for me to cherish and to tell to my children. But it must always be as the life of a child and of a young girl, for the time of my coming out was my last season in the White House. It was only a short one, for part of it was spent in Long Branch.

We used to go there every Summer. Our cottage was right on the sea, and my father was particularly fond of Long Branch, as he could

The most exciting event in Nellie Grant's first year in the White House was her father during the inauguration ceremony. While her father was reading the oath, Nellie Grant ran from her mother's side and took hold of his hand as he stood